

heimat.

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by [fartquaker](#)

Summary

After insomnia claims another one of a certain stunt performer's nights, Zeke spots a familiar face outside among the scenery of the courtyard. Zeke begins to question what his dear friend truly means to his heart.

tldr; zeke and mint cant sleep and decide to be rlly gay while discussing the courtyard

Notes

Sweet Pea's -
Blissful Pleasure, Gratitude, Departure,

Thank you for a lovely time.

-

Heimat -

A place that you can call home; includes a sense of belongingness, acceptance, safety and connection to the homeland.

((a/n: so i lowk rewrote this entire thing and gave it a different ending, i might give it a part two if i feel compelled))

The loud clicking of Ezekiel's heels echoed throughout the halls of the prison, typically recognizable to most of the other prisoners given the way he liked to stride down the halls with what was usually too much and too little purpose, tonight was no exception. yet it seemed not a soul was awake to hear it this time around.

Well, save for *someone.*, he would come to realize.

Zeke shoved a fist into his pocket, the other finding itself at Home wrapped around the glass of water in his hand, insomnia hanging over his head dangling sleep like an unattainable prize. While he'd long gave up on remedy for his sleeplessness, and opted to roam around aimlessly until he got sick of the cold chill of the prison walls, either that or until something interesting happens.

The sound of faint shuffling from beyond courtyard doors drew his attention in like a fish biting the bait on a line, and since there's nothing on this planet that *isn't* Zeke Elias's business, his feet soon brought him closer until he was mere inches from the door.

He didn't really know what he was doing, to be completely honest. For all he knew, a murder could be right on the other side of those doors, and Zeke could easily be the next unassuming victim of this horrible killing game. It's a secret to really nobody that his sense of self-preservation was close to none, but how reckless can a guy be?

Now with that thought in mind, if you asked Zeke what possessed him to grasp the handle, or what invisible force willed his feet forward until he was standing firmly on the frame dividing the hallway and chill breeze of the courtyard, he most certainly wouldn't be able to enlighten you; He didn't really know.

What he did know, though, was that there was someone standing only a few feet away, basking in the moonlight like a crazy person. 'Cause y'know, it's like *three in morning*. Zeke looked the figure up and down, sharp eyes softening with a fondness as he pieced out what was happening here.

Huh, it was Mint. That makes sense.

From what Zeke had gathered, the herbalist never stayed away from the make-shift garden for long, he's even helped Mint while he worked occasionally. It seems tedious at first but it's not so bad. It doesn't surprise him that Mint's first thought would be to turn to the garden if faced with what Zeke could only assume would be restlessness.

It's not like Zeke himself has much room to comment, though. He's up roaming the halls like a weirdo for the exact same reason.

The rusted creak of the door caught the other man's attention, his head snapping up. A confused pair of olive eyes locking with with the stunt professionals amber ones. Wordlessly, they stood there in sense of relief on Mint's part mostly.

Without that much other regard, Zeke took a hesitant step forward, and then another, his grip on the glass of water remaining firm. His legs always seemed to move automatically when the herbalist was the end goal.

He paused a few feet from the other, Mint soon standing up and brushing the dirt from his weathered gloves to close the distance between him and Zeke, greeting him with that same warm smile he always wore, if not a little more exhausted than what Zeke had come to accept as normal. Despite the warm welcome, Mint seemed all the more surprised to see him.

"Zeke? What are you doing, it's late." Mint enquired, always tending to dote on him like how he would imagine a lover would, if he had one.

Zeke would say it flustered him just a little, but that's stupid as *fuck* so he's never gonna admit that in a million years. In fact, he's not even gonna think about it. He doesn't want to think about what that could possibly mean.

"Says *you*, y're out here too, dumbass." his words came out bold, but not hostile, or with malice. Not towards Mint, never towards Mint. He was far too kind to be the brunt of Zeke's fervent anger, anger that raged and spread like a wildfire, unable to tell when to stop.

If Zeke *were* to ever blow up a Mint like that, he'd probably feel really ashamed about it after the fact. That'd probably never happen, thought. He liked him too much to get all that mad at him, anyway..

...

As a friend.

He liked Mint as a friend. Yeah.

Regardless, Zeke was hoisted from his inner turmoil as a slight snicker hit his ears, his attention snapping back to the other in front of him. Mint now tugging at his gloves finger by finger, and shoving the pair into his pocket. Zeke felt his face grow hot as he came to the realization he was more focused on Mint's hands than Mint himself, his gaze snapping back up to the other.

"I guess you're right, but you already know why I'm out here, I think." Hesitant yet again, Zeke gave a nod. He didn't know the exact reason, the only way he could is if Mint told him outright. But his intuition be damned if he didn't have a hell of a good idea.

Zeke shifted his weight around on his feet as he mulled over mints words, choosing his words wisely before speaking. It's not like he had to be overly sensitive when it came to Mint, Mint didn't need or want his pity, he just found himself being more mindful when it came to the herbalist.

"Yeah, I get it. Same 'ere honestly. Not being able to sleep any.. Has been a real pain in my ass." Zeke rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly with his free hand, eyes darting away because he was afraid he'd combust if he had to stare Mint in the face any longer. Looking at

the other dead-on always made him all jittery inside for a reason he couldn't necessarily pinpoint.

Mint sighed, grabbing the others attention once again. It was the kind of sigh not born out of annoyance, or exhaustion, but from a special place of fondness you'd only understand if you knew it well. It was practically an old friend to Ezekiel Elias.

Zeke felt a tug on his hand as Mint guided him over to one of the benches, the water slightly sloshing in the cup, letting himself be drug around until he eventually found himself sat beside the herbalist.

Not much more than a glance was exchanged between the two as they looked out upon the well-tended garden, admiring how nice it had begun to look under Mint's precise and meticulous 'round-the-clock care. It was something that took dedication and patience, something that never came easily to Zeke. So to him, the garden was something to be admired. Now that he thought about it, he admired a lot of things Mint did.

Zeke took a long sip from the glass in his hand, before setting it down on the grass beside his feet.

The way Mint cooked for him, the way he had patience for people with the ugliest of attitudes. He was nurturing and kind without letting himself become a trampled bud, destined to wilt away. Those were just some of all the beautiful things that made Mint who he was, just like all the characteristics that shaped Zeke into himself. It was something Zeke admired, something he *loved*.

...

But, like, not in a *gay* way though. 'Cause when you put it like that, it sounds gay as hell. Mint was just really fuckin' awesome and Zeke wasn't about to sell him short on his greatness.

Not in a gay way.

"The gardens lookin' nicer, y're doing good." Zeke mumbled, barely audible enough to make out the words clearly. His arms found themselves crossed over his chest as he slumped further down into the wooden bench. Mint mumbled back a thanks, a faint smile gracing his lips again. Zeke tried not to focus too hard on the sight of it.

"..What're those? They're new."

Zeke spoke up, the sudden question catching Mint off guard.

Mint attempted to follow Zeke's eyes, trying to figure out what Zeke was really talking about without any idea of what he was really looking for.

"I can't read your mind, Zeke.. Be more specific." Mint encouraged, nudging the others shoulder with his own. Shuffling around to free a hand, Zeke soon pointed to one of the newly blossoming patch of flowers.

"Y'know, those. What're they?" Zeke folded his arms back, resuming their previous position.

"Ah..- Those are.. Sweet Pea's? I think? It's hard to tell in the dark. I'm surprised you noticed." Mint chuckled nervously, softly, a little shocked by Zeke's *absolutely keen* observation.

"With the way you've been makin' me help you, I'll be damned if I didn't notice!" Zeke smirked, a playful tone lacing his words as he lightly leaned into the others side. With a newfound smile of his own, Mint decided to play along.

"I don't *force* you, so dramatic.. You just happen to be around, and all of a sudden you're helping me." Mint played coy, like he had *no* idea whatsoever about what Zeke was talking about.

"Yer a fuckin' liar, *Unn-beee-liiiiivabal*." Zeke chuckled, words drawn out for effect and overly-enunciated due to his accent, rolling his eyes at the herbalist.

Calming down, Mint leaned into Zeke back, his head finding his way onto the mans shoulder as a comfortable type of exhaustion settled over him, he could tell the stunt performer was feeling it too.

"C'monn.. Don't be like that, Zeke. You know i'm only kidding."

Zeke didn't reply with words, humming in amusement at Mint's sorta-apology before letting his own head finding its way onto Mints as well, an action so subtle the herbalist almost missed it.

"Wowww.. Giving me the silent treatment now? I see how it is, Zeke.. So rude.." Mint feigned disappointment, trying his hardest. Depite that, it wasn't all that convincing. Not that it was mean't to be in the slightest, though.

The fake-brunette snickered, fingers drumming lightly against his forearm. "Better watch yourself, i'll call 'Isabelle' over here and let 'er rip you a new one." Mint rolled his eyes at the comment, unamused by both the empty threat and the other mans insistance on sticking with those probably-hurtful nicknames he'd assigned the other prisoners.

"Heh.. You're a mess, Zeke." Mint decided, his tone giving away that his words were anything but serious.

"Y'know for a quiet guy, you *sure* dunno when t' shut up." Zeke scoffed, nudging Mint's foot playfully with his own, feeling an ommitable emotion bubble and blossom in his chest.

Zeke pushed the feeling into the back of his mind, just wanting to appreciate the peaceful moment, fearing if he tried to think about it too hard it'd ruin the serenity of it all.

Zeke probably wouldn't be able to admit what those emotions or feelings could be for a long time. Not to himself, not to Mint. but that was fine. He knew Mint would wait for as long as he needed him to, til death do they part, even.

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